

WILL THEY ATTEMPT IT?

It is Rumored That the Republican Senators Will Commence Law Breaking To-day.

It is Said They Will Organize by Declaring McNamara's Seat Vacant.

How Dogberry Carpenter Interprets the Law—A Similarity in the Methods of Mantle and Couch.

It is rumored that the republican senators will begin the preliminary work of an illegal organization at their meeting this morning. It is said that they will send the sergeant-at-arms to arrest the democratic senators. If this fails they will attempt the organization of the senate by declaring Senator McNamara's seat vacant. The first movement will be made for the purpose of inducing Lieutenant Governor Richards to consent to the illegal and outrageous method of procedure outlined.

The caucuses that have been held by the republican rumpers during the last few days have been of so frequent occurrence that the rump brain is fairly muddled with schemes, compromises and disappointments. Since Aunt Nancy Carpenter's senatorial plumage has been raised, that venerable fountain head of legal lore and political knowledge has taken charge of the institution in seating defeated and unseating victorious candidates. He presided over an unique gathering of discouraged contestants the other evening. They had come to him to drink the red wine of anarchy and conspiracy. Carpenter's conspiracy, however, is of the sugar-coated kind. He loves to soothe the dampened feathers of his birds with soothing words and then raise them to a gobbler strut by well guarded injections of poorly grounded hope. It was a rare picture the other evening when old Uncle Watson, surrounded by retainers in a circle, peeped his always beaming face over a heap of law books and informed his faithful listeners that he thought the matter could be adjusted satisfactorily by law. A sigh of relief went forth from the crowd like the sudden down-pour of a summer rain. After an impressive silence had followed Dogberry allowed the lines of his always smiling mouth to develop into a broad grin. Then his audience of rumpers grinned with the satisfaction of victory. After another gap of silence the old sage opened a formidable-looking tome. After remarking in a c-o-p-s-o voice that he held in his hand a volume of reports from the Venetian courts in the time of Pope Gregory I, he announced to the eager ones of the rump that investigation would be summed up in a few logical words for which with pardonable pride he claimed strict originality. Now then, he said, with an air of conviction, "I am stating an axiom when I say that an office is a snip, an innit?" Yes, yes, said his pupils in a chorus so loud that an echo came floating back from every town where dwelt a member of the Harrison family. "Very good," said Dogberry, now a public office is a private snip, isn't that so?" "Yes," came a yell through the telephone from the white house. "Well," said Dogberry, "McNamara has a private snip." "Ah," howled the crowd, catching the drift of the argument. "Then," said the ex-lieutenant-governor of New York, "I have but one more proposition and I say it without fear or favor. McNamara is an office holder."

The end of this display of logic had hardly been reached before Dogberry was being carried out of the room by his friends, fainting with exhaustion. The effort had been too much even for his brain.

The house of representatives met yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. After a recess of fifteen minutes for a quorum the house resumed. The Comly resolution was finally disposed of by adoption. A recess was taken until 2 o'clock. In the afternoon the mileage committee reported. A recess of thirty minutes which was lengthened to an hour and a half followed after the house adjourned until 4 p. m. Monday. Two long caucuses were held during the day for the discussion of important matters. During the morning Colonel Sanders, the republican war horse, dropped in to smile upon the representatives. He wanted to catch a view of the house of representatives of the first legislative body of the state of Montana. His visit was not prolonged but it is believed to have had the effect of dampening his senatorial aspirations. A good many representatives returned to their homes last evening, but all will be back on Monday.

The republican senators came around to the court house yesterday morning for their customary meeting. As has frequently happened before, no quorum was present. The roll was called and recess taken until 2:30 o'clock. The situation had not improved at that hour and an adjournment was taken until 10 a. m. to-day. Only five or six senators were present at the afternoon session.

Well, Old Uncle Watson has been in town a week and the dead-lock is not broken yet. The path of duty leads some men in strange directions.

The republican lieutenants of Mantle and Couch have been very busy lately. The other day the two chiefs came over from Butte and in the course of a few hours a conference was arranged between them. Observe the friendliness between these two self-sacrificing individuals. It carries one back to the story of Damon and Pythias. Each assured the other of his firm support for a United States senatorship. Mantle said that he did not want the office and Couch said that his ambitions did not run that way. Mantle said that Couch must have it; Couch insisted that it must go to Mantle. Here was a predicament indeed. The fact that two democratic senators will be elected solves it, of course, but it gave an excuse for these men to show their generosity. The interesting sequel to this story is that immediately after this conference each man told his lieutenant that he had been lying to the other. Mantle had fooled Couch and Couch had fooled Mantle. Both were in the ring to stay until two democratic senators were elected. There is something in the character of these extremely conducive to the development of brainy politicians.

The war horse is by no means the only animal in the republican stable. Judge W. R. Keethless, of Butte, is a dark horse in the amusing race for senatorial honors.

One of the most useful and popular members of the house is William J. Penrose, of Butte. He is always present when the roll is called and thus far he has not been absent from a session. His active interest in legislative matters will develop many excellent measures before the session is completed. He is now anticipating bright prospects for the Butte Mining Journal, of which he is the editor. In a few months that prosperous semi-weekly will be published daily from a handsome new brick building. Messrs. James A. Murray and W. F. Gwin have purchased the Centennial hotel property in Butte. They will shortly begin the construction of a brick building to be known as the Mining Journal building, which they expect to have completed in five months.

The report of the committee on mileage shows that Representative John R. Barrows

leads his competitors in distance by a large majority. He comes from the town of Ubel in Ferns county, 400 miles from the capital city. At 20 cents a mile Mr. Barrows will have a much larger mileage sum than the other representatives.

It is learned that the conspirators have been keeping some of their more conscientious rumpers into line by telling them that there is a large amount of republican "reserve evidence" in the alleged Silver Bow frauds. They do not state the nature of this evidence, but simply ask the rumpers to take their words for its existence. There is a stubborn disposition among some of the rumpers to examine the evidence, but it is not forthcoming.

Through the kindness of Gov. Toole the public schools of this city have been supplied with large wall maps of the United States and territories. These maps are compiled from the latest official surveys of the general land office, and are models of elegance and accuracy. The contribution is one of rare value and will be fully appreciated by all who are interested in the welfare of our public schools.

THE RUMP MEETING.
Witter's aggregation otherwise known as the rumps, held a short session yesterday morning. Monteth of Silver Bow, and Phillips of Missoula, were absent. The rumpers then went into committee of the whole and twisted the rules around some more. When the committee rose the rules were reported back to the house for adoption, which was done.

After all this was accomplished the usual matter of going into caucus was brought up and the public and the attaches were excluded from the "secret session." Some of the rumpers are getting tired of caucusing and prefer to go to their hotels and get away from what must be a wearisome job. One lone rumper was seen at his desk and his fingers clutched in his hair. Before him lay a copy of the compiled statutes of Montana. A stranger who came in thought that the rumper must be a hard working legislator. Another man who had come in to cut the rump was probably studying up the game laws with a view to amending them so a man could secure a rump steak off a fat elk. Another man gave it as his opinion that the rump was endeavoring to extract from the volume once characterized by a Montana jurist as "an accumulation made with the shears and paste pot," some law whereby order could be restored out of chaos. When questioned as to his intentions the rump wouldn't talk, but another rump said that the dumb rump was evolving from his inner consciousness a bill for an act to prevent swine from running at large. He will probably submit his bill to the ordeal of a rump caucus before the bill gets to the house.

Hobby horses, sleighs, rocking horses, wagons, doll cars, etc., in endless variety at The Bee Hive.

Don Davenport Coal Company, sole agents for Cinnabar cooking coal.

THE STRANGEST DUEL OF ALL.

How Two Lovers Settled Their Claims for the Hand of a Woman.

A duel which occasioned a great sensation at the time of its occurrence was one between Henri Delagrave and Alphonse Riviere, the cause being the success of the former in wooing a young lady to whom they were both attached. Riviere insulted his successful rival by slapping him on the cheek in a gaming saloon, and it was agreed that a duel should take place, in which the life of one should be ended. The details were left to their seconds to arrange; and, until they faced one another upon the field, neither of the young men knew in what form they were to brave death. On the following morning four men met in a quiet wood. They were Riviere, with Monsieur Saville, his second, and Delagrave, who was accompanied by a doctor named Roquet. The latter informed the rivals that Monsieur Saville and himself had arrived at the decision that, in order to secure the certainty of a fatal result to one of their principals, it would be best to resort to the question words or pistols, and to trust to the more sure action of a deadly poison. As he spoke he drew from his pocket a little box, in which lay four black pellets, all exactly identical in size and shape.

"In one of these," he said, "I have placed a sufficient quantity of prussic acid to cause the almost instantaneous death of any one who swallows it. Monsieur Saville and I will decide by the toss of a coin which of you is to have first choice, and you shall alternately draw and swallow a pill until the poison shows its effects." While speaking the last words the doctor spun into the air a glittering gold piece, and, as it fell, Saville cried, "Tails." It fell with the head uppermost, and Saville said, "The first choice is yours, Monsieur Delagrave." The two whose fate was contained in those innocent looking black balls had shown no sign of trepidation while the doctor explained the awful preparations that he had made for the death of one of them; and Delagrave's face was perfectly impassive as he selected and washed down with a glass of claret one of the globules. "And now Monsieur Riviere," said the doctor. Riviere extended his hand took a pill, which he swallowed with as little appearance of concern as his opponent. A minute passed, two, three, and still the duellists stood motionless. "It is your choice again," Monsieur Delagrave said, "but this time you must swallow the pill at the same instant that Monsieur Riviere swallows the one you leave for him." Delagrave paused for a moment, looking in silence at the two balls that lay before him. The closest scrutiny showed not the slightest difference in them; one was harmless, but in the other rested the pall of eternity—the silence and peace of that sleep which knows no awakening in this world. With a start he drew his eyes from the box, and putting his finger and thumb into it, drew forth one of the remaining pills. Riviere took the solitary one remaining, and both simultaneously gulped down their fate. 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